

One Less at Home.

One less at home!

The charmed circle broken—a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place,
But cleansed, and saved and perfected by grace!
One more in heaven!

One less at home!

One voice of welcome hushed and evermore
One farewell word spoken; on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—
One more in heaven!

One less at home!

Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would
rise,
And wrap our footsteps round, and dim our eyes,
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—
One more in heaven!

One more at home!

This is not home, where cramped in earthly mould
Our sight of Christ is dim—our love is cold,
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
Is home and heaven!

One less on earth!

Its pains, its sorrow, and its toils to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme of thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
To home and heaven.

One more at home!

That home where separation can not be,
That home where none are missed eternally,
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee
At home in heaven,
—Chicago Tribune.

Children's Day at Cassopolis.

According to agreement, sister Lottie Holsinger and myself, accompanied by Bro. J. M. Rittgers, went up to Cassopolis, Mich., to attend Children's day in the Brethren church near that place of which Bro. Rittgers is pastor, and at his request, I consented to report the meeting if he would run the risk of my "imagination." The road ran through a fine country, from South Bend to Cassopolis, and if I wasn't afraid of getting the reputation of being of a "poetical turn," I might describe the beauties of the great fields of golden grain, the rich, dark green of the cornfields, and tell how it seemed to us as though all the world had gone a-haying, but I will not risk that. At Cassopolis we were met by brother Albert Clark and turned northward (I guess it was north) for a ride of eight miles through a beautiful rolling country, the home of the lakes. We soon came to Diamond Lake, the finest in size, and in the beauty of its surroundings. Upon one of its banks, Chicago enterprise has erected a fine hotel, for summer visitors, called Forest Hall. Two steamers are ready to give any one a taste of sea sickness, that cares to venture.

As we drove along sister Lottie and I could not determine in the exact color of its placid waters, we compromised by calling it a "greenish blue," and indeed it was a lovely hue, growing a rich green along under the tree that shaded the margin. In the midst of our rapture J. M. R. exclaimed, "oh, there's a turtle, let's have him for supper," suiting the action to the word he sprang out and advanced upon the unsuspecting soft shell, calling Lottie to the rescue, after considerable skirmishing, his turtleship was landed in the buggy minus his head. Everything went smoothly for a while, until the two I have mentioned spied ripe raspberries growing by the way and insisted upon getting out and sampling them, though obdurate in regard to the turtle affair I consented, after a little persuasion to lay aside my dignity and join in the sport. We arrived after a time safe at brother Alberts. and thanks to J. M. R. and Lottie's enterprise, we not only enjoyed a flow of soul, but also some elegant soup, for supper.

As we drove up to the church the next day everything, even its open doors smiled a welcome. If the lilies of the fields were not there the house was filled with the fragrant incense of waxen beauties from the adjacent lakes, giant ferns from the marshes, cedars just as green as those from the Holy Mount, mottoes, banners and wreaths, adorned the wall, while a lovely arch of evergreens spanned

the front of the pulpit, there with flowers and plants seemed parts of a great bouquet filling the end of the church, and we are sure, no birds amid the flowery fields of Palestine, e'er sang so sweet, than they whose cages hung amid this bower of beauty. The Baptist church had united with our own, on this occasion, combining two programs, adding to the interest of the occasion and evincing an unselfish desire to promote the happiness of all the children. The house was packed with smiling faces, when the exercises began by singing Coronation that grand old tune, followed by prayer, by the minister of the Baptist church. From that on followed a most interesting program, of recitations (one especially by Miss Rogers, I believe,) interspersed by scripture readings, songs, etc. "Aunt Lottie" addressed the children very entertainingly, after which came parting hymn and benediction, separation and—dinner at brother Goulds, for part of us. The evening exercises, varied some, belonging to the older class, and was addressed by Brethren Robinson and Rittgers. Sister Lottie gave us a recitation while "myself" endeavored to talk. Closed by the organization of a Band of Hope and all saying "what a lovely time."

I close by saying, for turtle soup, for church decoration, and for unlimited Christian love and grand fellowship commend me to the Brethren church at Cassopolis.

E. MURRAY SIGERFOOSE.

Devils Chain.

BY J. G. KLINE.

I once heard a Methodist minister preach that the devil had a chain that spanned over the earth and everything that was sin was a link in that chain, and I finally agree with an article on pride and other evils written by Bishop Weaver D. D. He says: And now abideth pride, fashion, extravagance, these three; but the greatest of these is pride—simply because it is the root of the whole. Destroy the root and the tree will die. It is hardly worth while to waste ammunition in shooting at fashion and extravagance as long as the root is alive. Most persons say that it does not matter how people dress. Pride is in the heart, very true, but straws show which way the wind blows. Plain exterior may cover up a proud heart; but depend upon it, a fashionable exterior seldom, if ever, covers up a plain heart. Some rules work two ways, but some will not. A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud? He replied: "When you see the foxes tail peeping out of the hole you may be sure the fox is within." Jewelry, costly and fashionable clothing may all be innocent things in their places, but when hung upon a human form they give most conclusive evidence of a proud heart.

But is it possible that a man can be found at this advanced age of refinement that dares to write or speak a word against pride and its consequences? The large majority of that class of men died and were handsomely buried some time ago. Now, the pulpits have nearly all shut down on that style of preaching. The fact is, we have passed that age, and are living in better times. Our fathers and mothers were far behind the times, they were good enough in their way; but, dear me, they would not do now. They wore plain clothes, worshipped in plain churches, and sung old-fashioned hymns. They talked and acted like some old pilgrims that were looking for a better country, and when they left the world they stuck to it, to the very last, that they were going to a city where there is no night, and it is my deliberate opinion that the vast majority of them went just where they said they were going. But they are nearly all out of the way now, and the people have a mind to try a different route. We can be Christians now and do as we like. Yes, indeed we can have fine churches, cushioned seats, costly carpets, a fashionable preacher, and have all our fiddling and singing done to order. Why, in some of our modern churches the majority of the choir are not even members of the church, and they do sing so sweetly, perfectly delightful. The music rolls over the heads of the congregation like the sound of many waters. Not a word can be heard, but the sound is glorious. Sometimes one sings all alone for a little while, then two, and pretty soon the

whole choir will chime in until the whole house is filled with the most transporting sound. Now, if this is not singing with the spirit, and with the understanding also, then what is? That's the question.

I know it is a little risky to speak out against pride at this day, because the church is full of it, it is of no use to deny it, and hundreds who occupy the pulpit, whose duty it is to point out these evils plainly, are like dumb, they don't even hint at it. They just let it go; and go it does, with a vengeance. And in proportion as pride gains in a church, spiritual power dies out. They will not, cannot dwell together, for they are eternal opposites. It is a sin and shame for men and women professing Christianity to spend money the way they do to gratify a proud heart, when ten out of every twelve of the human race are yet unsaved, and eight of the twelve have not so much as heard the Gospel of Christ. There are many evils in the land, and in the church, but I doubt if any one evil is doing more harm than pride. It has stolen into the church by degrees, and now rules with a rod of iron. Churches that were once noted for plainness, and whose law still stands against pride and fashion, are practically powerless on the subject. It seems that nearly all creation is kept busy in furnishing fashions enough to satisfy the cravings of the depraved heart. An old Scotch preacher is reported to have said in a sermon at Aberdeen, "Ye people of Aberdeen, get your fashions from Glasgow and Glasgow from Edinburgh, and Edinburgh from London, and London from Paris, and Paris from the devil." Now I can not say that we get our fashions by the route, but I am tolerably certain that they originate at the same head quarters. The religion of Christ is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, and full of mercy. All Christians are baptized with one spirit, into one body. They mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Their highest ambition is to honor God. With all they have and are, they are not puffed up, not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds. There is no such thing in heaven or on earth as a proud Christian; there never was, nor can be. Pride is from the devil. It originated with him, and he is managing it most successfully in destroying souls.

But who is to blame for this state of things in the church? First, and mostly, the pulpit is to blame. Men who profess to be called of God to lead the people to heaven, have ceased to rebuke this soul-destroying, heaven-provoking spirit, but why? First for a living, then for popularity. Esau sold his birth-right for a dinner of greens. This was a costly morsel for him, but now, men sell out, cheap for cash or produce."

Churches that were once powerful for good are now well nigh lost in forms and fashions. We may shut our eyes, and wink and whine, and cry old foggy, and grandtather, and Moses and Aaron, and all that, but the fact is before us. Pride, fashion and extravagance are eating the very life out of many of the heretofore best congregations in the land. The world is running crazy. The rich lead the way because they can, while the poor strain every nerve to keep in sight; and the devil laughs to see them rush on.

Pride "thrust Nebuchadnezzar out of men's society, Saul out of his kingdom, Adam out of Paradise, and Lucifer out of heaven;" and it will shut many more out of heaven, who are now prominent in the church, neither death nor the grave will change the mortal character of any one. The same spirit that controlled in life will cling to the soul in death, and enter with it into eternity. The angels of God would shrink from the society of many a fashionable Christian of this day. A few such souls in heaven would ruin everything. Among the first things they would propose would be a change of fashion. Those pure white robes the saints wear would not suit their taste at all. In life they care but little about Christ and spiritual things, and they would care no more for them in heaven than they do on earth. If there were two heavens, one where Jesus is all and in all, and the other with a Paris in it, I presume the road to the Paris heaven would be crowded with fashionable Christians.

"Ma," said a little girl, "if I die and go to heaven, should I wear my moire antique dress?" No, "my love, we can scarcely suppose we shall wear the same attire of this world in the next. Then tell me, ma, how the angels would know I belonged to the best society?"

In the views of that little girl we have illustrated the spirit of many a would-be Christian of this day. "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth, for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Lancaster, Pa.